

## HOME READING.

## THE BAGPIPES IN THE CITY.

My heart sprang up, with a quicker beat,  
At the Highland strain in the dusty street,  
And the drone of the bagpipes, shrilly sweet,  
Scarcely a man was the piper-chief—  
A strip of a lad, from the land o' the leal,  
Whose chanter spoke what his heart would feel.

And the mothers danced their babies there,  
At the squallid foot of the common stair,  
To the tenement lodgings, poor and bare,  
That gave the youngsters' feet a sting,  
And they capered about him wondering.

And he, too, lifted a lightsome toe,  
Merrily pacing to and fro,  
Like the piper-laddies of long ago.

Ah, Music, sister to gods and men,  
Better thy spirit, there and then,  
Than the sullen voice of the noisy den!

And better the exile, playing high  
The chant of a past that cannot die,  
Than harp, or organ, or life, or cry!

For the notes went skirling up and out  
To the listening angles, grouped about,  
Our sorrow and sin and pain and doubt.

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

S. S. Times.

## How They Ostracized the Northern Emigrants.

In the suburbs of Natchez I found a Northern man. He was digging worms alongside the fence and getting ready to go fishing, and his wife sat on the back steps smoking a corn-cob pipe and kicking with her bare feet at the chickens whenever they came too near. The man had black patches on the knees of his pants, a leather belt in place of suspenders, and he chewed plug tobacco and squirted the juice around with a vigor which would have earned him two dollars a day in any other locality. There was only one room to the house, and the furniture would have been no load at all for a skeleton mule.

"Yes, I'm from the North—from Illinois," he said, as we sat down in the shade for a talk, "and I made a great mistake in moving down here."

"How came you to move?"

"Well, some of the folks back there got down on me because they missed some horses and it got so hot that I concluded to move."

"And how do you like the South?"

"Not a bit. It's no country for a go-ahead man. There's nothing here to rouse a man's ambition to rip and tear and bust things. I've accumulated four dogs, three fish-poles, and a shot gun since striking this country, but I feel homesick and discouraged."

"How does your wife?"

"Clear discouraged. Why, I'd hardly know her to be the same Sarah Jane Baker. She's run right down to a skeleton, and she's got heaps on her mind."

"Say, we've been here better'n a year, and not one of the ladies in Natchez has called on her."

"No?"

"Solomon fact, stranger! When we first came she greased her shoes and washed her best calico and called on every lady in town, to show 'em that she wasn't proud nor stuck up, but narry one of them has returned the call. They know we are from the North, you see, and they cut us out from that account. I tell you, the Northern family has to suffer down here. They are entirely ostracized from society."

"Sarah, Sarah Jane?"

"Sarah came around to our side of the house in answer to his call. I am a married man, and therefore competent to judge, and I remember that I judged she had on just the single garment of a dress, and half the buttons were missing from that."

"What do you want?" she growled out.

"Say, Sarah, haven't we been ostracized here in Natchez 'cause we're from the North?"

"Dead right you are, old man," she replied, as she blew a cloud of smoke from her mouth, "but do we care? We kin hold our heads up and bust around for all that. If they don't like us let 'em look to their own ways. Come, y'd better be off to the river after suckers. If ye don't get fish to-night you'll go to bed with a stomach as empty as yer wallet."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Healthy Women.

## THE CHANGES WROUGHT IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

The days are gone by, happily for mankind, when it was thought unfeminine for a woman to cultivate general health to a great degree, and, whenever practicable, in the same manner as a man.

In the bad old times, a hundred years ago, under the evil influences of the French court, the female mind was looked upon as not unlike the liver of a Strasbourg goose—as something to be stuffed in such a way as would make the result most enticing to a vitiated voluptuary, and this was the sort of stuffing that it was crammed with ad nauseam. "Let it be likewise observed," demanded the Rev. Dr. Fordyce, in his "Sermons to Young Ladies," the edition in my library is the fourth, and it is dated 1799, "that in your sex manly exercises are never graceful; and that men of sensibility desire in every woman soft features and a flowing voice, pliant not robust, and a demeanor delicate. About the same date Dr. Gregory, in his "Father's Legacy to his Daughters," exhorted women in this wise: "Though good health be one of the greatest blessings of life, never make a boast of it, but enjoy it in silence. We naturally associate the idea of female delicacy and softness with a corresponding delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her good appetite, her ability to bear excessive fatigue, her recall at the description in a way she is little aware of." And in talking thus they only represented the opinion of their day. But the world has advanced since then in many ways, and we need no longer trouble to assume the attitude of sickliness if we have it not.

Women grow wiser as men improve.

Is Tom Moore declared; and men have improved enough to allow that we should grow sufficiently wise to recognize that health is a condition of beauty; that a pale complexion, a supple and rounded form, and a face unmarked by the wrinkles of pain or peevishness, are the results of a vigor of constitution which must be maintained in the same way by men as by women—by fitting physical exercises. Now, therefore, princesses, they set the fashion of ladies tripping, and ladies may follow the royal lead in this as well as in the shape of their bonnets, without fearing a universal masculine recoil.

## BALLOTS.

## A DETOXICATING NODE TO A PUP-PUP POODLE.

It was a vague and scrambling pup. The family kindly looked him up. But this his soul could not restrain—He leaped right through the window-pane.

O pup, O aimless rambling pup! Why should the family look thee up? Why shouldst thou howl and yowl all night?

And all my heart with rage and spite? I'll mix for thee, thou wretched pup, A draught which thou must soon drink up: I'll give to thee a bone to lick Whereon is powdered arsenic.

But if perchance the family stay And leave thee howling half the day, Then make all their precautions vain—And jump straight through the window-pane!

"Cascades of ribbons" are fashionable this fall. That is, among the rapids of society.

An impure mind is like an imperfect window-pane—seen through it that which is beautiful becomes hideous; that which is perfect, distorted.

"Whalebone has taken a sudden jump," says an exchange. This is perhaps owing to ventures by the Press Club, and the springy stuff wouldn't stand it.

A little nine-year-old Mrs. Partington at a recent church wedding asked: "Mamma, are all these gentlemen with white boutonnieres the gushers?"—(FACT.)

In the Thanksgiving proclamation of Governor Butler, of Massachusetts, occur the words, "Let every one be merry and mirthful." Does that apply to defeated candidates?

"I'm generally used up," said the umbrella.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

"Well, I'm worn out," replied the new water-proof.

"It makes no difference how I feel," moaned the glove. "I have to be on hand whenever anything is going on."

"Special Agent Brackett captured a large number of smuggled dentists' steel tooth drills in the purser's room of the steamship *Silesia*, yesterday."

The above item in a New York evening paper is a revelation to the editorial mind. We never heard of a duty on dentists, and thought saws were the only possessors of steel teeth. Henceforth let it be said, "How sharper than the steel tooth of a smuggled dentist it is to have a thankless revenue officer."

The weather was very cold. The mercury went down so low, that people whose thermometers were unprovided with cellars, found it necessary to supply the deficiency at once.

The wind blew at the rate of five hundred miles an hour, directly from the North Pole, and some wayfarers asserted that the sharp particles, which cut their faces, were splinters from the Pole itself.

Mr. and Mrs. Slick had retired, and having passed the awful hour or two which precedes getting acclimated to an icy bed, had become comfortably warm in the arms of Morpheus.

Not so with Pete, however. The garret, where he had slept during most of the sixteen summers, to say nothing of winters, of his eventful life, was far from weatherproof. The longer he lay still the colder he became, until, at last, a bottle of hot water seemed to him the one thing needful. So slipping into his socks, and wrapping a blanket around him, he descended to the kitchen.

Oh, how heavenly warm it was! or perhaps, to be more exact, Oh, how the other place was warm!

Pete procured an empty wine bottle for the hot water, and, seeing a pie in the closet, sat down, and proceeded to pie-in. By an unfortunate movement, the bottle was knocked over, and fell to the floor with a dull thud.

As his parents did not sleep in the cellar, Pete regretted that it was not the nature of sound to descend—but, as its custom, it ascended, and—awoke Mrs. Slick.

"Life! Life!" she whispered, pulling, pushing, pinching and punching him at the same time; "there's burglars down stairs!"

"Hanner," said the sleepy husband; "we've been married right on eighteen years, and I guess you've woke me up every night since then, to listen to burglars, and there's never been a burglar here yet."

"Well, Lije, I know there's somebody down stairs. I heard 'em."

"Elijah Slick, I do b'live you'r afraid to get up!"

At this juncture Pete, alarmed by the noise he had made, reached up on the high mantel shelf for a match to light himself back to bed, and over went the bottle of red ink on to the floor. Hastily picking up the broken bottle, he hurried fluid he had left behind, and sank, with a shiver, into his snow-white (and snow-cold) bed.

The last downfall aroused Mr. Slick, and seizing his shotgun, he sallied forth to see what was going on.

The halls were breezy, and Mr. Slick's flowing white robe was scarcely the habili-ment for such an Arctic exploring expedition, but courage and excitement kept him from freezing.

Reaching the kitchen, the first sight which met his gaze was the puddle of red ink.

"Hanner! Hanner! Murder murder!" he screamed. "There's been a bloody murder done here!" and in an instant the whole scene appeared thus to his imagination: Pete having heard the first noise, must have come down to investigate, had been slain and carried off (most likely his body was even then being sold to some disreputable college), and only this blood left to tell the tale.

By this time, lying down stairs, came Mrs. Slick and the twins, Rosabel and Lilybel, aged four, Ulysses S. Grant, aged seven, Charlotte Cushman, aged eleven, and, bringing up the rear, James A. Garfield, aged two, and found themselves looking straight into the muzzle of the gun which Mr. Slick, with a sure sight, was pointing at them.

"Don't fire, Lije," shouted the mother; "it's us!"

Mr. Slick dropped the gun at this moment, and, bang! off it went, the bullet luckily missing everything but a plaster image of the infant Samuel, whose long prayer was thus abruptly amended.

"The burglars are here again! We're all dead men! Back for your lives, children,

before they shoot again!" frantically screamed the father.

"Pop, that was your own gun that went off," interposed Ulysses Grant.

With a somewhat relieved mind, Mr. Slick proceeded to count the children, and finding that Pete was indeed still absent, roared: "Oh, wife, Pete's been murdered! Oh, where's our noble first born?"

The howl that came from the assembled family at this announcement was so intense, that Pete felt some what would, he must see the excitement. Realizing instantly how matters stood, a brilliant plan, whereby he could cover himself with glory and be saved a scolding, suggested itself to him.

As he appeared abruptly on the scene his mother went off into hysterics, the children rushed at him with joyful cries, and Mr. Slick, almost fainting, asked, "Peter Cooper, where have you been, and (seeing spots of red ink on his son's night dress which were to his eyes unmistakable gore) are you badly wounded?"

"Father, mother, sisters' brothers," said Pete, solemnly, at the same time surreptitiously dipping his base-ball bat into the red ink; "you may go to bed in peace. All is now safe. No power on earth shall cause your son to be a brigand and tell of his own brave deeds, but where's Peter Cooper, Slick, am about, you need fear nothing."

And Pete kept his word; and although, in the course of scrubbing and washing, his mother doubted the blood theory, she kept her doubts to herself. Perhaps she liked to see Pete made a hero of, and perhaps she wanted to use the incident as a lever to get her husband out of bed the next time she thought there were burglars in the house. At any rate all united in doing honor to Peter Cooper Slick.

## Fogs.

"SPEAKING OF FOGS," said the boatman, "I guess you young fellows think this is putty bad weather, don't ye?"

"It's the weather I ever seen," remarked the stranger, gloomily.

"N' yit 'taint nothing to what 'twas in '79," asserted the character, proudly.

"The fog we had then was fog, I tell ye! I was rowin' that season myself. One mornin' I took out a feller 'n girl in my big boat. I swanny, sir, the fog came up so thick 't I couldn't see 'em three feet away, 'n they couldn't hear me speak. How d'ye think I found out when they wanted to get ashore? Well, the feller chewed holes in the fog tryin' to find the girl 'n kiss her, till he got high enough to me, so I could stick one end of a horn in his mouth, 'n we talked through that. Wust trouble," added the character, meditatively, "was when we'd take the horn down for a minute. The fog 'd git into it, 'n we'd blow the chunks down our throats."

"There was a moment of silence."

"You see that ledge, 'bout half a mile out," asked the boatman, at last. "No, ye can't though, can ye? Well, they was a schooner went ashore there last summer in a fog storm. We couldn't git no boat out, the sea was so high, 'n we couldn't see 'em for the fog, only when we fired a cannon, 'n the ball cut it. Now, there they was, half a mile away, mind ye! How d'ye think they got off?"

The stranger considered a moment, and then despairingly inquired: "How'd they fetch it, pard?"

"They shooved a road through the fog, and walked ashore."—*Philadelphia Times.*

## A Dozen Good Rules.

Remember that our will is likely to be crossed every day; so be prepared for it. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves; therefore do not expect too much.

Look upon each member of the family as one for whom we should have a care. When any good happens to them, rejoice with them.

Observe when others are suffering and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to them.

If from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, let us keep a strict watch over ourselves.

Watch for the opportunities of pleasing, and of putting little annoyances out of the way, and try for the "soft answer that turneth away wrath."

Be very gentle with the little ones and treat them with proper respect.

Speak kindly to the servants, and praise them for little things when you can.

In all pleasures which may occur, put yourself last.

Take a cheerful view of everything, even the weather, and encourage hope.

Never judge harshly of any one, but attribute a good motive whenever you can.

## Three Costardums.

"TWAS Harry who the silence broke: 'Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?' 'Because—because I'm bored,' she spoke."

"Oh, no; because you're wood," said he.

"Why are you like a tree?" she said. "I have a heart," he asked so low. Her answer made the young man red.

"Not that—you're sappy, don't you know?"

"Once more," she asked, "why are you now a tree?" He couldn't quite perceive. "Trees leave sometimes, and make a bough."

"And you can always bow—and leave!"

"If it wasn't for us plumbers who reporters would go dry for your funny items," remarked a plumber on Saturday to the reporter who called to inquire whether it would be cheaper to have a hole in his penstock pipe soldered up, or burn up the house, abandon the lot, and move out into the country and dig a well.

"Yes, you fellows are funny to everybody except your employers, but it's a serious matter to them," retorted the reporter. "But the funniest ever said about a plumber has never found its way into print. A few years ago I was down to the Rouge on Sunday, shooting, and killed a bird the likes of which I had never seen before. It was a water fowl, but 'twas a fowl it was! It was all beak, wings, and legs, and principally beak. I fetched it home, and the next morning took it up to Professor Sill and asked him what it was. 'Goodness knows!' exclaimed Sill. I never saw one before, but from the length and size of its bill it must be a plumber bird!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

At a school examination a clergyman was descending on the necessity of growing up loyal and useful citizens. In order to give emphasis to his remarks, he pointed to a large flag hanging on one side of the school-room, and said: "Boys, what is that flag for?" An urchin, who understood the condition of the room better than the speaker's rhetoric, exclaimed: "To hide the dirt, sir!"—*Hartford Times.*

## List of Letters.

Remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Bloomfield, N. J., on Wednesday, Nov. 28th.

Bacon, Clarence E. Koerber, John McComb, Mrs. Isabella Byrne, John T. Callaghan, Ellen Cole, Mary Noll, James Era Rubber Co. Spitz, A. E. Gurran, Edward Smith, Mrs. M. Harris, W. H. Whittaker, James

Any person calling for the above will please ask for "advertised" letters. H. DODD, P. M.

## TIME TABLES.

Carefully corrected up to date.

DEL. LACK & WESTERN RAILROAD. Barclay and Christopher Street Ferries.

TO NEW YORK. Leave Montclair—6:03, 7:15, 7:55, 8:35, 9:52, 11:00 a.m.; 12:50, 1:40, 3:30, 4:40, 5:25, 6:10, 6:57, 8:15, 9:40, 11:05, p.m. 1:05 a.m.

Leave Bloomfield—6:08, 7:19, 7:59, 8:39, 9:57, 11:05 a.m.; 12:56, 1:45, 3:35, 4:45, 5:29, 6:15, 7:05, 8:20, 9:45, 11:10, p.m. 1:10 a.m.

Arrive Newark—6:23, 7:30, 8:10, 8:49, 10:08, 11:18 a.m.; 1:08, 1:58, 3:47, 4:57, 5:40, 6:38, 7:26, 8:37, 10:08, 11:22, p.m. 1:21 a.m.

Arrive New York—6:50, 8:00, 8:40, 9:20, 10:40, 11:50 a.m.; 1:40, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:10, 7:10, 7:55, 9:10, 10:40, 11:55 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK. Leave New York—6:30, 7:20, 8:30, 9:40, 10:40 a.m.; 12:40, 2:10, 3:30, 4:20, 4:50, 5:30, 6:20, 7:10, 8:30, 10:00, 12:00 p.m.

Leave Newark—6:40, 7:15, 7:58, 9:08, 10:13, 11:13 a.m.; 1:13, 2:44, 4:06, 5:26, 6:03, 6:53, 7:48, 9:03, 10:38, 12:38 p.m.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:54, 7:26, 8:09, 9:17, 10:24, 11:24 a.m.; 1:24, 2:54, 4:17, 5:04, 5:37, 6:15, 7:06, 8:00, 9:14, 10:50, 12:49 p.m.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE R. R. Chambers and 23d Street Ferries, New York.

TO NEW YORK. Leave Upper Montclair—5:28, 6:57, 7:49, 8:47, 10:47 a.m.; 1:26, 4:45, 3:42, 6:50, \*9:58 p.m.

Leave Montclair—5:33, 7:02, 7:55, 8:53, 10:52 a.m.; 1:34, 3:47, 4:50, 6:59, \*10:03 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—5:38, 7:06, 7:59, 8:57, 10:56 a.m.; 1:40, 3:51, 4:54, 6:58, \*10:08 p.m.

Arrive New York—6:25, 7:50, 8:40, 9:40, 11:40 a.m.; 2:25, 4:40, 5:40, 7:55, \*10:55 p.m.

Trains marked \* will run Saturday nights only. Sunday trains from Montclair at 8:04 a.m. and 5:28 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK. Leave New York—6:00, 8:30, 12:00 a.m.; 3:40, 4:40, 5:40, 6:20, 8:00 p.m. Leaves 23d Street 15 minutes earlier.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:49, 9:21 a.m.; 12:43, 4:19, 5:24, 6:20, 7:05, 8:39 p.m.

Arrive Montclair—7:02, 9:25 a.m.; 12:49, 4:29, 5:29, 6:26, 7:11, 8:46 p.m.

Arrive Upper Montclair—7:06, 9:29 a.m.; 12:53, 4:28, 5:28, 6:31, 7:46, 9:11 p.m.

Also a Saturday train from New York at 12 m., for the accommodation of theatre-goers, arriving at Montclair at 12:52 a.m.

Sunday trains from New York at 8:45 a.m. and 6:15 p.m.

## COLEMAN Business

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## LEGAL NOTICE.

POSSESSOR OF THE COURT—Between Mary Ann Comp't, and Bridget Broderick et al. Defts.—One Bill, etc.

It appearing to the court that Thomas Broderick, the defendant in the bill of complaint in this cause mentioned as doct. and that Hannah Cusick and George Saunders are the only persons related to said Thomas Broderick of whom the complainant has been able to get any information, and that his other heirs or devisees, if any he have, are wholly unknown.

It is on this sixteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, on motion of Court and Howell, of counsel with the complainant, ordered that the unknown owners of all that certain tract of land of which said Thomas Broderick, late of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, died seized, situate lying and being on the west side of Walnut street in the said Township of Bloomfield, bounded on the north by land of William Brookes, on the east by Walnut Street, on the south by lands of Michael Owens, and on the west by lands of John Moran, do appear, plead, answer or demur to the complainant's bill on or before the seventeenth day of December next, or that, in default thereof, such decree be made against them as the court shall think equitable and just.

And it is further ordered that this order shall within twenty days hereafter be published in THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN, a newspaper printed at Bloomfield in this State, and continue therein at least once a week to within ten days of the expiration of the time herein limited for pleading, answering or demurring, and that within the same time a copy thereof be sent by mail with the postage prepaid to the said Hannah Cusick and George Saunders, directed to their post office address, if the same can be ascertained.

DANIEL A. DEPUK, Judge.



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